

# CHARIVARIA.

THE latest Unionist rumour is to the effect that the peacemakers have prevailed over the pacemakers, and the title of the Halsbury Club is to be changed to the Balfourbury Club.

It seems queer that the East should have a nicer idea of what is sportsman-like than the West. In the first engagement, at any rate, the Chinese Government saw to it that the odds were even. According to *Reuter*, no overwhelming numbers, but 2,000 loyal troops engaged 2,000 revolutionists. That's cricket.

"We have," said the GRAND VIZIER, speaking for the Turkish Government, "no aggressive intention, no ambitious designs, against any country or any state. It is, on the contrary, our most ardent desire to respect the legitimate rights of all countries." This disposes once and for all of the rumour that, if defeated by Italy, Turkey would seek compensation by taking Germany.

It is pretty to see allies helping one another in their difficulties. *Dalziel* tells us that great numbers of Germans and Austrians are arriving in Turkey to take the place of the deported Italians.

It is scarcely fair to say that Mr. STEAD's peace mission to Constantinople has had no effect. Mr. STEAD, we understand, is a distinguished Non-conformist, and many Turks, it is said, are now in favour of a policy of Passive Resistance.

The French Minister of Finance has ordered his officials to exhibit a cheerful demeanour when collecting taxes. They would be well advised, however, not to be too playful. Taxpayers are peevish animals, and any attempt to chaff them about the object of his visit might have serious results for the collector.

"Punishment," says Dr. DEVON, "never did anybody any good." Chorus of schoolboys:—"Devon, glorious Devon!"

The United States Navy Department has refused a silver tray, bearing the figure of BRIGHAM YOUNG and the Mormon Temple, offered by Salt Lake

City for the new battleship *Utah*. In view of the popular belief that Jack has a wife in every port, the refusal has caused some surprise.

LORD ROSEBERY's proposal that there should be a holocaust of books is still being vigorously discussed in literary circles. What has surprised us for some time is that certain modern novels of an advanced type have not perished from spontaneous combustion.

Mrs. PANKHURST, speaking at a

cannot be stopped, would it not be possible, when future lists are published, to divide them into two categories, the distinctions which are given for merit being headed "HONORARY HONOURS"?

Some of the more enterprising of our newspapers have published photographs of the new FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY. The likeness to the late HOME SECRETARY is astonishing.

The statement that a Nobel Prize is to be awarded to Mr. THOMAS EDISON for Physics has aroused a considerable amount of pleasurable excitement among children all over the world, who take it to mean that a really tasteless Castor Oil has been discovered at last.

Mr. EDWIN SACHS, the Chairman of the British Fire Prevention Committee, has been pointing out how the dangers of fire as regards children may be minimised. We should have thought it would have been possible to render them absolutely fire-proof by treating them with certain chemicals, as is done in the case of stage properties.

Truth will out even in a misprint. The following statement appeared in *The Daily Telegraph's* summary of Mr. BIRRELL's Home Rule pronouncement:—

2. This Irish Parliament will have full legislative powers and control over purely Irish concerns.
  3. In considering what these "concerns" shall be, the Government are taking a wide view, in order "to satisfy a national
- A serious explosion has occurred at the demand for national responsibility.

"A seventeen year-old youth was charged with pedalling without a certificate." *Leeds Mercury.*

This comes as a distinct shock to pianola artists.

"THE GIRL WHO WAS TOO BIG FOR HER SHOES. READ ABOUT HER INSIDE." So runs the invitation on the cover of *The Home Circle*. But we get more than enough of this kind of thing in *The Lancet*.

"Tommy Burns stated in an interview that he was anxious to meet Johnson anywhere in the world, preferably in Australia, with the stipulation that no churches be allowed." *Reuter.*—*Aberdeen Journal.*

This seems to be a hit at the Rev. F. B. MEYER.



"MAN WULLIE, THEY TELL ME THEY'VE GOT A THREE-LEGGIT CALF UP AT JEMIE SAMSON'S."

"DO YE TELL ME!!! HE'LL BE AWFU' PROOD ABOUT IT!"

"PROOD!! MAN, HE'S PROODER THAN THE AULD COO HERSEL'."

suffragist meeting in Brooklyn, declared that she would not be a man for all the wealth in the world. This is fortunate, as it is rumoured that the lady could not if she would.

LORD HALDANE, in defending the Territorials, declared that he expects to be dead before any political party seriously suggests compulsory military service. We understand that, since making this statement, our War Minister has received a number of telegrams from Germany wishing him long life.

LORD SELBORNE has been inveighing against the selling of titles for the benefit of party funds. If the practice

## BOOKS TO THE BONFIRE.

[A contribution to the discussion on the crying need for our libraries to be purged by fire.]

THIS weary mass of stuff that lines my wall,  
With painted skins or buckram backed and flanked,  
What is there in these objects, after all,  
That they should seem to me so sacrosanct?  
Row after row in steady iteration,  
These little ink-marks, made on rag or pulp—  
At the mere thought of their proposed cremation  
Why does my larynx give a choky gulp?  
Now that I think of it, I do not know  
Why this is so.

Why do I guard (some do it under glass)  
Each volume in its sacred niche or nook?  
Is it for merit, first or second class,  
Or just because it calls itself a Book?  
Although of their insides and those who wrote 'em  
Ninety per cent. induce a dull despair,  
Yet, as a savage contemplates his totem,  
So I assume with them a reverent air.  
He worships it and would be much concerned  
To see it burned.

Dry-eyed I mark my other goods decay;  
Curtains and carpets fade and leave me cold;  
The paper from my walls is rapt away  
And new designs (at Spring) replace the old;  
By decades I renew the kitchen boiler  
And bid the relics to the scrapper go,  
But on my precious books if Time the spoiler  
Should lay his hand they stick *in statu quo*.  
New ones may come and want a vacant site,  
But they sit tight.

At times I think a sacrilegious thought:  
I stop to ask why I, who have no use  
For feats of prairie-trotters, ever bought  
That tale, *Through Manitoba on a Moose*:  
How one who loves to tread the Muse's track, but  
Abhors the lesser guides, allowed himself  
To have and keep *With Dulcimer and Sackbut*,  
Or *Kindred Soul-Pants* on his poets' shelf.  
These last were gifts, but still their natural fate  
Is in the grate.

Though courtiers' gossip chills me to the bone,  
And guardsmen bore me when their waists are slim,  
Here's *Crowned Heads I have Patted* (gilt-edged roan),  
And *Beauchamp of the Blues* (half-calf—like him);  
And, though my views of life afloat are cynical  
(It makes me sick and sailors are so blunt),  
I cling to *Forty Years Aft the Binnacle*;  
Also to *Yoicks!* and yet I never hunt.  
I have not read them since my childhood's day,  
But there they stay.

The room to which their betters have a claim  
(Pipe-racks, for instance, or a clear blank space)  
They block; yet if I fling them to the flame  
I smack my holiest instincts in the face;  
My only hope of losing what I cherish  
(To "*Elia's*" inspiration be the praise)  
Is that my total house (insured) should perish,  
And all this dry-rot swell the common blaze.  
Roast pig was thus secured without a cook,  
Why not roast book?

O. S.

## TRIPOLI TRIALS.

"WHY not find an Italian?" said Mabel, as we discussed the dearth of British female labour. "She would keep us on thrushes and Chianti, and we could imagine we were living in Rome."

Mabel, I need hardly explain, is as yet young in house-keeping. That is why I watched the fog settling amongst the chimneys of Victoria Street, and made no audible reply.

Rosa Rosmunda came the next week.

Rosa Rosmunda is a dark, deep-voiced woman of forty-nine.

Even so early as the first day, Rosa Rosmunda sang a little. She affected the ultra-passionate mode. But Mabel's comprehension of Italian is not really nimble, and she seemed to think that the "*amore*" and "*belle donne*" brought a breath of the South into the flat.

Thus things were just possible until THE WAR broke out.

We were awakened one morning by the deep voice of Rosa Rosmunda chanting in tones of menacing resolution:

"Se Um-ber-to mi da la spa-da,  
Quel-la spa-da  
Quel-la spa-a-da,  
Se Um-ber-to mi da la spa-da,  
Quel-la spa-da por-ter-ò."

The fact that her threatened assumption of the sword was made conditional upon its presentation to her by the hands of a King of Italy long ago dead, seemed to reduce a little the risks of the undertaking.

When the "*spada*" was quite finished with, the "*fucile*" was taken and exercised. After that, in turn, every known weapon in the arsenals of war, and after that—*da capo*. It was awful. There was a sentimental refrain which should have had its place in the chant; but in the ardour of patriotism this was generally forgotten. Battle was the business.

It went on for days. We did not know what to do.

Mabel maintained that no human being should be denied the gift of song—that it was to twist the neck of a lark to interfere. But I watched her colour fading daily, and my work had been at a standstill for a week, when we told Rosa Rosmunda that we feared she would not suit us.

Oh, the bliss that then reigned in our little home! The woman seemed to know her voice had been her ruin, and went about her tasks mouse-quiet.

It was all so pleasant that Mabel actually began to veer round towards her again. She came to the conclusion indeed that no loyal Italian could have acted otherwise. But she was sure that "*silly old Tripoli*" could interest *nobody* now. She argued, moreover, that the woman had had a lesson, and naturally would not sing again, and that it would be the height of foolishness to part with a good servant.

The end of it was, of course, that we told Rosa Rosmunda that, on reconsidering the matter, we found she would suit us very well.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Se Um-ber-to mi da fu-ci-le,  
Quel fu-ci-le  
Quel fu-ci-i-le,  
Se Um-ber-to mi da fu-ci-le,  
Quel fu-ci-le por-ter-ò."

Rosa Rosmunda's voice has gained in strength and volume during her recent period of depression. But after all, as Mabel said, even if we had a *Chinaman* it would be the same just now.

Motto for the Cocoa Peace Party: "The nib is mightier than the sword."



### TOO FAIR TO LIVE.

MR. PUNCH (*observing Arbitration about to be burnt in effigy*). "THE LADY DOESN'T SEEM TO BE VERY POPULAR. I'M AFRAID SHE MUST HAVE SHOWN TOO STRONG A BIAS IN FAVOUR OF IMPARTIALITY."







THE COUNTESS AND THE TAXI-DRIVER.

RECEIVING THIS DRAWING BY MISTAKE, OUR FEUILLETONISTE, MISS VICTORIA GLYNN, WROTE ROUND IT AS FOLLOWS:—"GLUEING HER LIPS TO HIS, 'FLY, ALBERT,' SHE CRIED; 'I HEAR MY FATHER'S 22-CYLINDER IN PURSUIT IN BELGRAVE SQUARE.'" BUT THE AUTHOR WAS IN ERROR. IT IS REALLY AN ILLUSTRATION FOR OUR "SHOPPING COLUMN," AND THE WORDS ARE SIMPLY, "STOP AT THE METROPOLITAN FUR STORES—THIRD ON THE RIGHT PAST BOND STREET."

### ALL THE LATEST DANCES.

[Mlle. FELICIA, a Hungarian dancer, has been appearing at the Hippodrome. In her principal dance she obtains, it is said, "one of the most extraordinary effects by a curious movement of the nape of the neck upwards."]

At the Crematorium the chief attraction is Frl. Rollmops, whose dancing is full of the most singular suggestiveness. In one of her measures, appropriately entitled *Liebelei*, she does some incredible things with her calves, which are made to express a wide variety of emotions—now of coaxing tenderness, now of burning passion, and in the end of contemptuous rejection. Frl. Rollmops' performance is a stupefying revelation to those unacquainted with the more recent development of the tärpsichorean art.

M. Djuitsovitch, who is to be seen at the Pandemonium, has introduced to London a dance which nightly holds an over-crowded house in an unparalleled grip. Attention is first riveted by a spasmodic twitching of the knee-cap; the movement then gradually spreads to other sections of the body, the dance finishing with a tremendous *tour de force* in the form

of a concerted jerk of the Adam's apple and the Achilles tendon.

The new Sardinian dancer at the Empyrean, Signora Rigli, created an immense *furor* at her first appearance the other evening. In the chief item of her repertoire she achieves an amazing sensation by a deft manipulation of her collar-bone, which is seen to move in a sinuous wave, culminating in a shudder that leaves the spectator clammy with a nameless terror.

It has been left to Miss Truly Allwright, who comes here with a big reputation from the States, to demonstrate to a British audience the subtle, yet staggering effect that can be produced in a dance by bringing into play the muscles of the ears. In a wonderful "Wag-time" number she employs these organs with irresistible charm, and the final flap invariably brings down the house.

We are asked to state that, owing to a slight dislocation sustained at rehearsal, Mlle. Cuibono, the "Venezuelan Venus," will be unable to give her famous spinal-cord dance at the Capitulum this week.

### JOURNALISTIC DETACHMENT.

The dogs of war are unleashed,  
The eagles are waxing fat,  
But I read on the bill of *The Daily Thrill*  
"Shots in a West-end Flat."

The news from Turkey is bad,  
The news from China is worse,  
But I read on the bill of *The Daily Thrill*  
"Actress robbed of her purse."

There are terrible scenes in Rome,  
And horrible sights at Constant. O!  
But I read on the bill of *The Daily Thrill*  
"Peer to play in a panto."

So I'm sure when the dreadful days  
Of Armageddon arrive,  
I shall read on the bill of *The Daily Thrill*

"Scene at a Welsh Whist Drive."  
And when the last trump shall rend  
The World to its midmost hub,  
*The Daily Thrill* will adorn its bill  
With "Raid on a West-end Club."

"We take great pains in fitting your feet," says a bootmaker's advertisement in *The Blairgowrie Advertiser*. With ordinary bootmakers we generally find that it is we who take the pains.

### THE LUCKLESS PALACE.

IN addition to the public meetings to discuss the future of the Crystal Palace, other gatherings have met with the same purpose, but rather to arrange for private than public proprietorship or tenancy. We report the proceedings at the most influential of these.

The chair was taken by Lord AVEBURY, fresh from a sparkling evening with the Poetry of Action Society, and among others present, in addition to many shareholders, were Mr. F. E. SMITH (who is everywhere just now) and, with a watching brief for the Glaziers' Union, Mr. EDMUND PAYNE. Lord AVEBURY, in his opening remarks, said that he hoped there would be no violence during the proceedings. They must remember that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. (Laughter.) They were met to consider the future of the famous building. It would grieve him very much to see it go. He hoped that some practical proposition for saving it would be brought forward that afternoon. Life was real, life was earnest.

The Right Hon. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P., asked for the use of the building as a club-house for the Halsbury Club. His only fear, he said, was that it might not be large enough, but they were prepared to put up with a little inconvenience. The place, he said, peculiarly appealed to them and their revered leader by reason of the transparency of its walls, for they had nothing to hide and welcomed publicity. In fact, it was the attraction of publicity that had brought many of them together. Declined.

Mr. IMRE KIRALFY offered to purchase the palace and grounds *en bloc* for £500. His intention, he said, was to hold a series of annual exhibitions there, to be devoted to the various important countries of the world. The first would be a German Exhibition, as that was calculated to be popular and would have the support of the Editor of *The Nation* and a number of leading Radicals. The next would be devoted to San Marino. The next to Abyssinia, and so on. Fortunately it had been proved by ethnologists that all these nations shared a common passion for great wheels, flip-flaps, scenic railways, and witching waves, so that the public might be assured of fun while imbibing instruction. Declined.

A suggestion was made by Sir JOHN BENN that it would be to everyone's advantage if the roof, at any rate, were

removed from Sydenham and placed over Bond Street. Then Londoners could shop in the wet, as they cannot now do, in comparative comfort. Declined as too Utopian.

A letter was read from a well-known variety agent, offering to rent the Crystal Palace as a permanent school for the instruction of Russian dancers in sufficient numbers to meet the requirements of the thousand-and-one music-hall managers who must add this branch of entertainment to their programme. Declined.

A letter was read from Sir HENRY HOWORTH, offering to present a complete set of his letters in *The Times* if

an impression on it." Declined with thanks.

Finally, a letter was read from a syndicate of cinematoscope managers, offering a substantial rent for the Palace as the scene for their varied operations—battles, pursuits, tragedies and farces. After a long discussion it was decided that, for the present, this was the most reasonable offer, and that to accept it would be to increase the happiness and well-being of the country, which has so taken the cinema to its heart that it cannot be happy without it even in the smallest towns. A recommendation to open negotiations with the syndicate was therefore made and the meeting broke up.

### A MATTER OF DETAIL.

"Don't forget to telephone to Olive," I said to myself as I took my place in the morning train, going Citywards. "Remember not to forget to telephone to Olive," I repeated solemnly to myself as I disembarked at Liverpool Street. "And, by the way, don't forget to remember not to forget to telephone to Olive," I added severely, still to myself as I mounted the steps of my business habitation in Austin Friars.

The characters of this little drama are myself, "my dear wife, A. B." (as she is described in the lawyer's precedent for the last will and testament of an affectionate husband), and Olive, the sister of my dear wife, who lives in an exclusive flat in Sloane Street, only connected with the outside world by the telephone. Our eligible suburban residence is not on the telephone, and, when my wife wants to avail herself of

that institution, she must needs go outside and to the public call-box round the corner. Her last remark, as I left for the office, was, "Now don't forget to telephone to Olive."

The successful man of affairs puts off the happy-go-lucky self of private life as he passes over the office threshold, and puts on the stern methodical self of business. Thus, I had forgotten all about Olive and her claims, until my partner came into my room to speak to me an hour or so later.

"By the way . . ." he began.

"Which reminds me," I answered, and I went to the telephone. "Are you 99999 Gerrard?" I began. "In other words," I continued, "are you Olive? Yes? I am delighted and surprised to hear it. I, on the other hand, am your sister's husband. The



Artist. "Now, THEN, MODEL, WAKE UP; IT'S TIME FOR A REST."

the Palace were maintained in good repair under the name of Howorth's Mammoth Fun City. Declined with groans and cries of "Help!"

A letter was read from Mr. CHARLES MANNERS suggesting that the Crystal Palace should be converted into a National Opera House with permanent quarters for himself as a manager in the North Tower, whence he proposed to conduct the performances from a captive balloon. Declined with cheers, tears and laughter.

A letter was read from The Human Ostrich, now exhibiting in a Dime museum in Indianopolis, who asked to be remembered if it was decided to demolish the building and any difficulty was found in disposing of the glass. "I do not promise," he added, "to eat it all; but given time I ought to make

other people whose remarks intervene from time to time do not matter. They talk, not because they have anything of importance to say, but simply because they cannot refrain from talking. It is their idea of pleasure. I, however, have a duty to perform. I was to remember to telephone to you. You see: I have remembered. Won't your sister be pleased, and aren't you going to congratulate me?"

Olive remarked upon the improvement in me, and Exchange, being of opinion that, when a thing is done, it is done and there is no use in talking about it, asked if we had finished.

"Yes," said I.

"No," said Olive.

"Of course," I said, "you want to remind me not to forget to tell my wife that I did telephone to you. Rest assured, my dear Olive. That is the sort of thing a man does not forget. You can rely on me. Good-bye."

"But what about the message?" cried Olive's voice, and my receiver did its best to reproduce her agitation.

"My dear girl," I remonstrated, "I am not perfect. When one has succeeded in performing a difficult duty, it is depressing to be called upon at once to perform yet another. Surely a man may be allowed to forget something? And the ingratitude of it and the greed of you!"

"Idiot!" said the voice briefly.

"And now you vituperate. Observe the reward of virtue. If I had omitted to telephone to you, you would not have said one cross word to me."

"You'll get it when you go home," said the voice with joy.

"And, yet again, you are spiteful. But you are also wrong. She will say, 'Did you telephone to Olive?' I shall answer truthfully, 'Yes.' I shall then get good marks and immediate reward. If anything depended upon this message, whatever it was, you will get the blame. So long," and I rang off.

Such was my forecast. You, in your wider experience, may say that wives never ask you if you have executed their commissions when as a matter of fact you have. We are both wrong. Women are more diabolically ingenious than even that. The first words that greeted me, on my evening return to the Eligible, were:—

"Did you give Olive my message?"

And, as Olive will discover later, I prevaricated.

"The orchestra, which was under the conductorship of Sir Henry Wood, also sang the 'Dance of Seven Veils' from the 'Salome' music very finely."

They will break out like this at times.



AS OTHERS HEAR US.

Shopman. "THE FRESH HERRINGS ARE VERY NICE THIS MORNING, M'M."

Lady. "ER—HAVE THEY ROES?"

Shopman. "WELL, M'M, ALL FISH IS DEARER AT THIS SEASON!"

MR. PUNCH'S LITERARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

YE would-be bards whose course is not begun,

Whose infant Pegasus has yet to run, Listen, and I will tell you how it's done.

Do not imagine that the bard is born, Nor think the bay-leaf on his skull is worn

Because it grows there—like a bison's horn.

Not much. Nor yet by thought or studious care.

This is no intellectual affair; It isn't in the head; *it's in the hair!*

You man of song, whose overflowing mat

Floats down his neck and clusters round his hat—

Why do you think he goes about like that?

From force of habit? Bless your silly heart,

This is the very sinews of his art;

Give him a hair-cut and he's in the cart.

Yet, though some help is patently required

By those whose locks leave much to be desired,

Not being there, or being there, but tired,

You need not fear the springs of song are shut,

Not though you've had the precious tresses cut;

Try some of HINX'S HAIR-OIL FOR THE NUT!

"Lord Rosse is at once a soldier, a scientist, and a musician; and those who were present at his wedding at Clumber will remember that at his request Beethoven's 'Hallelujah Chorus' was played when he and his bride left the chapel."—Queen.

This is certainly a testimony to the courage of the soldier.

"For nearly three-quarters of an hour the fire blazed without any real abatement, and it was only when it had burned itself out that there was any diminution in the intensity of the flames."—Dundee Advertiser.

Then the keen intellects of Scotland noticed it at once.



## THE DOCTOR.

"MAY I look at my watch?" I asked my partner, breaking a silence which had lasted from the beginning of the waltz.

"Oh, have you got a watch?" she drawled. "How exciting!"

"I wasn't going to show it to you," I said. "But I always think it looks so bad for a man to remove his arm from a lady's waist in order to look at his watch—I mean without some sort of apology or explanation. As though he were wondering if he could possibly stick another five minutes of it."

"Let me know when the apology is beginning," said Miss White. Perhaps, after all, her name wasn't White, but, anyhow, she was dressed in white, and it's her own fault if wrong impressions arise.

"It begins at once. I've got to catch a train home. There's one at 12.45, I believe. If I started now I could just miss it."

"You don't live in these Northern Heights then?"

"No. Do you?"

"Yes."

I looked at my watch again.

"I should love to discuss with you the relative advantages of London and Greater London," I said; "the flats and cats of one and the big gardens of the other. But just at the moment the only thing I can think of is whether I shall like the walk home. Are there any dangerous passes to cross?"

"It's a nice wet night for a walk," said Miss White reflectively.

"If only I had brought my bicycle."

"A watch and a bicycle! You are lucky!"

"Look here, it may be a joke to you, but I don't fancy myself coming down the mountains at night."

"The last train goes at one o'clock, if that's any good to you."

"All the good in the world," I said joyfully. "Then I needn't walk." I looked at my watch. "That gives us five minutes more. I could almost tell you all about myself in the time."

"It generally takes longer than that," said Miss White. "At least it seems to." She sighed and added, "My partners have been very autobiographical to-night."

I looked at her severely.

"I'm afraid you're a Suffragette," I said.

As soon as the next dance began I hurried off to find my hostess. I had just caught sight of her, when—

"Our dance, isn't it?" said a voice.

I turned and recognised a girl in blue.

"Ah," I said, coldly cheerful, "I was just looking for you. Come along."

We broke into a gay and happy step, suggestive of twin hearts utterly free from care.

"Why do you look so thoughtful?" asked the girl in blue after ten minutes of it.

"I've just heard some good news," I said.

"Oh, do tell me!"

"I don't know if it would really interest you."

"I'm sure it would."

"Well, several miles from here there may be a tram, if one can find it, which goes nobody quite knows where up till one-thirty in the morning probably. It is now," I added, looking at my watch (I was getting quite good at this), "just on one o'clock and raining hard. All is well."

The dance over, I searched in vain for my hostess. Every minute I took out my watch and seemed to feel that another tram was just starting off to some unknown destination. At last I could bear it no longer and, deciding to write a letter of explanation on the morrow, I dashed off.

My instructions from Miss White with regard to the habitat of trams (thrown in by her at the last moment in case the train failed me) were vague. Five minutes' walk convinced me that I had completely lost any good that they might ever have been to me. Instinct and common sense were the only guides left. I must settle down to some heavy detective work.

The steady rain had washed out any footprints that might have been of assistance, and I was unable to follow up the slot of a tram conductor of which I had discovered traces in Two-hundred-and-fifty-first Street. In Three-thousand-eight-hundred-and-ninety-seventh Street I lay with my ear to the ground and listened intently, for I seemed to hear the tingling of the electric car, but nothing came of it; and in Four-millionth Street I made a new resolution. I decided to give up looking for trams and to search instead for London—the London that I knew.

I felt pretty certain that I was still in one of the Home Counties, and I did not seem to remember having crossed the Thames, so that if only I could find a star which pointed to the south I was in a fair way to get home. I set out to look for a star; with the natural result that, having abandoned all hope of finding a man, I immediately ran into him.

"Now then," he said good-naturedly.

"Could you tell me the way to—" I tried to think of some place

near my London—"to Westminster Abbey?"

He looked at me in astonishment. His feeling seemed to be that I was too late for the Coronation and too early for the morning services.

"Or—or anywhere," I said hurriedly. "Trams, for instance."

He pointed nervously to the right and disappeared.

Imagine my joy; there were tram-lines, and better still a tram approaching. I tumbled in, gave the conductor a penny, and got a workman's ticket in exchange. Ten minutes later we reached the terminus.

I had wondered where we should arrive, whether Gray's Inn Road or Southampton Row, but didn't much mind so long as I was again within reach of a cab. However, as soon as I stepped out of the tram, I knew at once where I was.

"Tell me," I said to the conductor; "do you now go back again?"

"In ten minutes. There's a tram from here every half-hour."

"When is the last?"

"There's no last. Backwards and forwards all night."

I should have liked to stop and sympathise, but it was getting late. I walked a hundred yards up the hill and turned to the right. . . . As I entered the gates I could hear the sound of music.

"Isn't this our dance?" I said to Miss White, who was taking a breather at the hall door. "One moment," I added, and I got out of my coat and umbrella.

"Is it? I thought you'd gone."

"Oh, no, I decided to stay after all. I found out that the trams go all night."

We walked in together.

"I won't be more autobiographical than I can help," I said, "but I must say it's a hard life, a doctor's. One is called away in the middle of a dance to a difficult case of—of mumps or something, and—well, there you are. A delightful evening spoilt. If one is lucky one may get back in time for a waltz or two at the end."

"Indeed," I said, as we began to dance; "at one time to-night I quite thought I wasn't going to get back here at all." A. A. M.

From a book catalogue:

"HALL CAINE, TWO LETTERS, both on note-paper stamped 'Greeba Castle, Isle of Man'; one is typewritten to a builder asking him to do some repairs and bears Hall Caine's signature; the other is written by Hall Caine to the same builder saying he encloses his cheque."

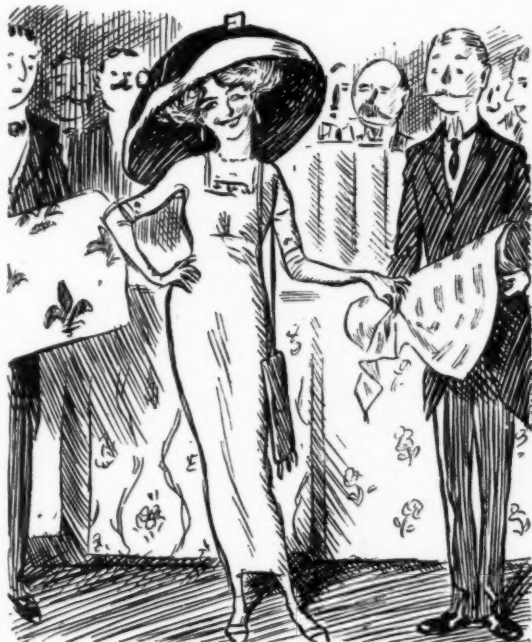
No offers from us. But we would gladly have bought the builder's letter if Mr. CAINE hadn't enclosed the cheque.



# THE APPEAL AD HOMINEM.

BEING THE NEW METHOD OF ADVERTISEMENT BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

(Winsome Miss Daisy Dimple, of Musical Comedy fame, does an afternoon's shopping.)



SHE SAYS THAT MESSRS. TOMKINSON'S LATEST ART WALL-PAPERS ARE THE DAINTIEST THINGS SHE HAS EVER SEEN.



SHE REFRESHES HERSELF WITH A GLASS OF JENKINS' DELICIOUS EFFERVESCING, NON-INTOXICATING HERBAL BEER.



SHE INSPECTS SOME OF THE LATEST SUPERB DESIGNS IN ARTISTIC JEWELLERY AT THE MAGNIFICENT ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CRYSTALLITE DIAMOND CO.,



AND SELECTS A 90 H.P. CAR-DE-LUXE FROM THE UNRIVALLED COLLECTION DISPLAYED IN THE STUPENDOUS SHOW-ROOMS OF THE MAMMOTH MOTOR CO.



*Cavalry N.C.O.* "WOT'S THIS I 'EAR ABOUT YOU 'AVIN' BEEN SEEN WALKIN' DOWN REGENT STREET WITH A HORDINARY INFANTRY FOOT-SLOGGER!"

*N.C.O.* "BROTHER BE BLOWED! AIN'T THERE NO BACK STREETS, AIN'T THERE NO PUBLIC-HOUSES, IN LONDON!"

### A FAILURE OF SYMPATHY.

WHEN the dead leaves adown the lane are hurried,  
And all the dells are bare and bonfires smoke,  
The bard (by rights) should be extremely worried,  
He ought not to evolve a single joke,  
But wander, woods among, a pale down-hearted bloke.

And I (of old) have felt the chestnuts patter  
Like sound of nails upon my coffin-lid;  
My landlady, disturbed about the matter,  
Asked if I liked my food; I said I did;  
But told her where I ailed, and why Joy's face was hid.

"The flowers," I said, "are gone; once more Proserpina  
Is rapt by Pluto to the iron gates;  
Can even hard-boiled eggs prolong the chirp in a  
Poetic bosom at such awful dates?"  
And she said nothing, but removed the breakfast-plates.

But now (I know not why) I feel quite jolly;  
The ways are thick with mire, the woods are sere;  
The rain is falling, I have lost my broolly,  
Yet still my aptitude for song and cheer  
Seems unaffected by the damp. It's deuced queer.

And when I wander by the leafless spinneys  
I notice as a mere phenomenon  
The way they've moulted; I would give two guineas  
To feel the good old thrill, but ah, it's gone:  
I neither weep nor tear my hair; I just move on.

I quite enjoy my meals (it seems like treason);  
Far other was the case in days of yore,  
When every mood of mine subserved the season—

Mirth for the flowery days, and mirth no more  
When Summer ended and her garlands choked the floor.

You bid me take my fill of joy, dear reader,  
And hang repining! but I dread my bliss;  
If I can prove myself a hearty feeder,  
Saying to tea-shop fairs, "Two crumpets, Miss,"  
What time Demeter's daughter feels that icy kiss,

Shall I be some day cold to Nature's laughter?  
Shall I no longer leap and shout and sing  
And shake with vernal odes the echoing rafter,  
When at the first warm flush of amorous Spring  
The woodlands shine again? That would be sickening.  
EVOE.

### The World's Workers.

"During the 52 years Parsons has been at the Round Tower there has never been an accident. It is his duty to hoist the flag at sunrise and haul it down at sunset."—*Daily Telegraph*.

A very perilous duty. His luck seems to have been phenomenal.

From a Candidate's address as advertised in the *Kent Argus* :—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—You will see from the above memorial that I have been requested to offer myself as a candidate, and I have consented to do so, relying on your support. If elected, I shall study the best interests of Ramsgate as a whale, acting independently, without fear or favour.—Truly yours, HENRY EASTES."

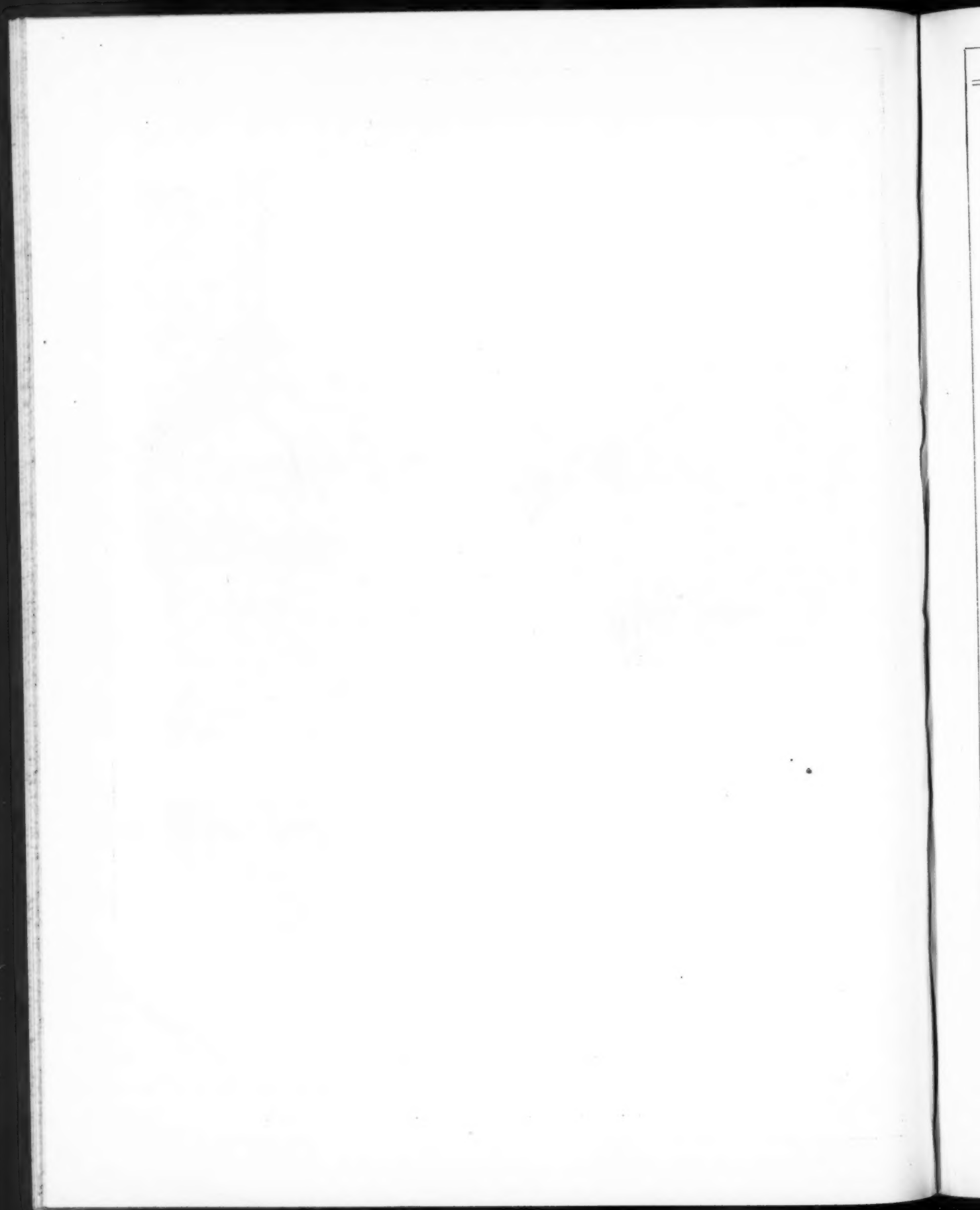
Mr. EASTES takes his candidature seriously. In his spare time he might study the best interests of Pegwell Bay as a shrimp, and those of Margate as a mackerel. He mustn't be an independent whale *all* the time.



### TENANTS' FIXTURES.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. "CONGRATULATIONS, MY DEAR BOY. YOU CAN TAKE OVER THE STRIKE PROBLEM."

MR. MCKENNA. "THANKS SO MUCH; AND YOU CAN HAVE BERESFORD."





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



## AT THE HALSBURY CLUB.

*Sir E. Carson.* "Shure, the bloys 'll be here dhirectla—they're as kheen as mihustard!"

House of Commons, Tuesday, October 21.—Considering inconvenience of Autumn sessions, the strain on Ministers, the upsetting of business and domestic arrangements among private Members, attendance surprisingly large. Among notable absentees were WINSTON and McKENNA, who on eve of re-opening Parliament have, to general surprise and some mystification, exchanged offices. It's what HALSBURY, if his mind were not engrossed by lottier themes, would call "a sort of" thimble-rigging business. You lift a thimble labelled Admiralty expecting to find McKENNA, and behold WINSTON endeavouring to master one of the things that baffled the Prophet AGUR, to wit, the way of a ship on the sea. Another thimble labelled Home Office. Pick it up looking for WINSTON attempting to square Labour Members, and lo! the dome-like head of McKENNA.

Members scan Front Opposition Bench in vain for glimpse of COLONEL CARSON, K.C. Before SPEAKER took Chair speculation rife as to whether learned and gallant gentleman would appear in khaki. Didn't appear at all. Rumoured that he has already started on that march to Cork destined to eclipse the crowning achievement of Lord ROBERTS of Kandahar thirty-one years ago. No reliable information forthcoming. Irish press strictly censored.

Two notable new Members sworn in. T. W. RUSSELL, after his something more than twelve months enforced absence, comes back to scene of varied experience and general advancement, prize of sheer capacity. In pause that fell on House while he stood at Table taking the oath there was heard from Ladies' Gallery artless enquiry: "I wonder on which side he will take

his seat this time." Which shows afresh how misleading is a little learning. True, T. W. has, like others, been during last twenty-five years something of a Parliamentary vagrom. But though without a seat of late he has meanwhile held useful office in Irish Government and returns to safe anchorage on Treasury Bench.

New Member for Kilmarnock, advancing to Table to re-enter on roll of Parliament an historic name, greeted by sustained burst of cheering from Liberal camp. When the young head of the House of GLADSTONE first offered himself as Candidate for Kilmarnock objection was taken that what was wanted was a born Scotchman—like REES, for example. To-day the new Member emphasised his nationality by taking the oath in Scottish fashion, with right hand uplifted.

Preliminaries disposed of, PREMIER

moved Resolution practically appropriating whole time of supplementary session for Government business. When he concluded, having indicated, in addition to Insurance Bill, catalogue of measures sufficient, according to old-fashioned notions, for length of ordinary session, a still small voice was heard enquiring, "Does the Right Hon. Gentleman propose to take the Public Health (Acquisition of Water) Bill?"

It was LEIF JONES, on whose shoulders has fallen the cloak of champion of water-drinkers dropped from the genial hands of WILFRID LAWSON. Roar of laughter that followed put House in good humour for next half-hour.

PRINCE ARTHUR, rising to reply to PREMIER's speech, was greeted by loud cheers from Opposition benches, hilariously echoed in Ministerial camp. Perhaps just as well CARSON tarried by the way and so was spared sight and sound of this ovation. HARRY CHAPLIN, whom everyone is delighted to see in beaming health, shone with a smile broad enough to fill any temporary vacancies on the Bench.

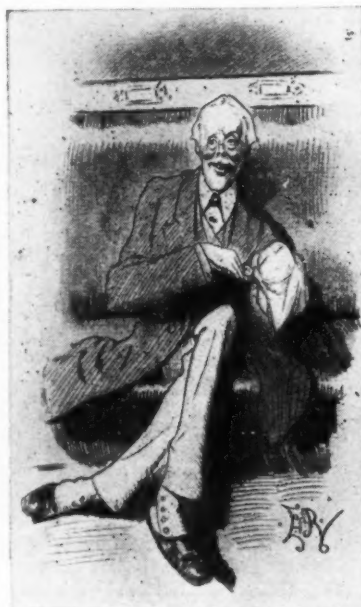
*Business done.*—PREMIER obtains all time up till Christmas for Government Business. *A propos*, LLOYD GEORGE tells story of farmer remonstrated with because he fed his pigs on unboiled Indian corn. It was pointed out to him that boiled corn takes less time to digest. "As if time were any matter to a pig!" replied the farmer scornfully. It is something to the House of Commons, though you might not always think so.

*Wednesday.*—House regards with mixed feeling announcement of EMMOTT's acceptance of Peerage, involving retirement from Chair of Committees filled by him during past six years with rare distinction. The canopied SPEAKER's Chair looms high above the plainer one on which his Deputy seats himself at the table when House is in Committee. While its dignity is higher, its responsibility greater, it is in some respects less thorny in the cushion. The constitutional axiom that the KING can do no wrong appertains in considerable degree to the occupant of the SPEAKER's Chair. On the contrary the conviction deeply rooted in the mind of a large class of Members is that the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES can do nothing right.

Thus handicapped, and lacking support of immemorial traditions that are girt about the SPEAKER's Chair, the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES has night after night to fight for his own hand. For its successful administration the position requires profound knowledge of procedure, a clear head, lucidity of expression, unruffled temper, adamantine patience and invulnerable courage.

These qualities meet in the endowments of ALFRED EMMOTT and have won for him, conceded at first a little grudgingly, the confidence and esteem of the most critical and exacting assembly in the world.

*Business done.*—Time-table arranged for disposing of Insurance Bill. In pithy sentence ARCHER-SHEE summed up present position of the measure, "Even the Stygian eloquence of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER himself," he said, "has not been able to whitewash the white elephant entirely." House cordially recognised in this way of putting it the stitch in time that hits the right nail on the head.



"It's nothing like a Murder-Club, is it?"

*Friday.*—Quite pretty to see PRINCE ARTHUR and COLONEL CARSON, K.C., seated together on Front Bench amiably conversing just as if there had never been such a thing as the Halsbury Club. SARK tells me it was of that they talked, though which of the two communicated to him the text of the conversation is one of those things I may never learn.

PRINCE ARTHUR, according to this authority, displayed liveliest interest in the new institution.

"It's nothing like a Murder-Club, is it?" he asked. "They meet, you know, at odd times in secret places, discuss the latest crime, speculate on trail of murderer if not yet discovered, and occasionally plot the removal of a common acquaintance who in some respects fails to come up to the high level of their standard of

excellence. I am a child in these matters. But I have been told that the Halsbury Club is based on revival of good old-fashioned English manners. At their social meetings they live the simple life. Have no tablecloth on their deal supper-table; drink English beer out of tankards; smoke clay pipes (the President being distinguished by use of a churchwarden); feed mostly on bread and cheese, with an occasional dish of tripe, it being stipulated that the wrinkles, which I understand are peculiar to that form of cutlet, shall not have been smoothed out by use of foreign machinery."

"You are altogether wrong," said the COLONEL, fingering imaginary epaulet on his left shoulder. "There is possibly a scintillation of actuality in the idea of, in certain circumstances, putting someone out of the way. The rest is idle tattle. I confess there is something picturesque in idea of HALSBURY with stem of a churchwarden in his mouth and a tankard of beer at his elbow, but we have not realized it yet."

"Fact is the Halsbury Club is composed exclusively of statesmen who feel they are capable of directing affairs of the Unionist Party better than—well, let us say better than LANS-DOWNE. You know the sort of men they are. There is HALSBURY, whose claims upon the gratitude of the State for service done are equalled only by those established in the domestic circle; NORTHUMBERLAND, one of the most intelligent of our Dukes; and, above all, WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE."

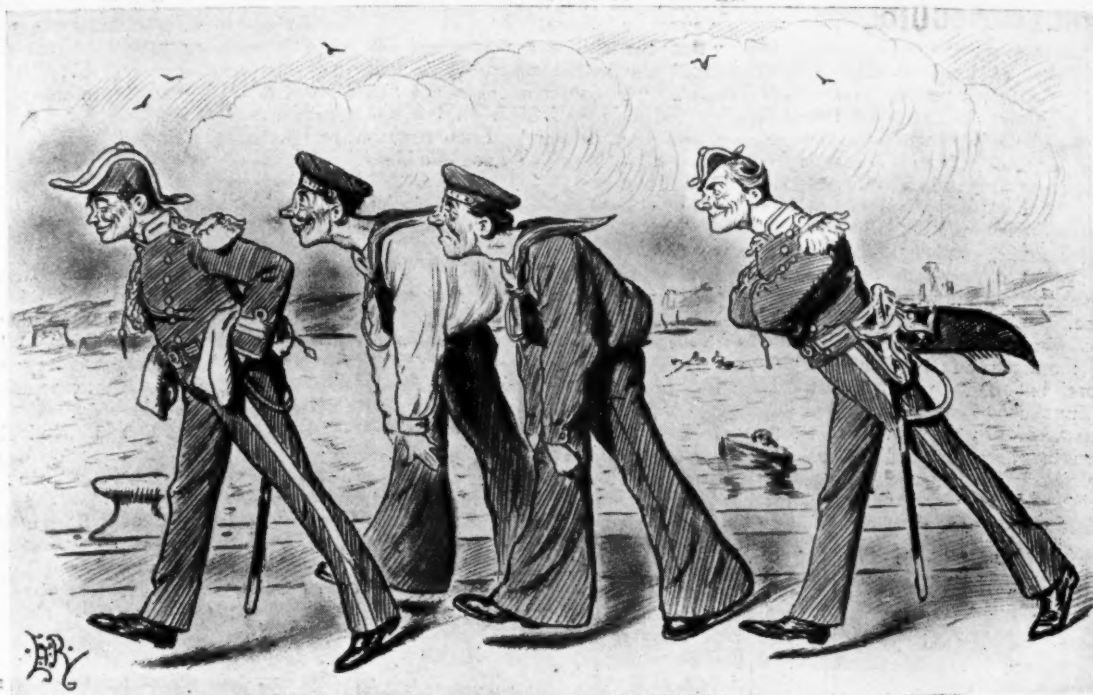
"Now there's an all-round statesman if you like. I know more about military affairs and forced marching across country than of politics. But I confess that when I hear WILLOUGHBY speak in the Lords, or read reports of his addresses in the country, I recognise a rare amalgam combining the overwhelming oratorical force of GLADSTONE with the subtlety and statesmanship of DIZZY. WILLOUGHBY, you know, is the founder of the club and personally conducts it. That of itself suffices to ensure success and the accomplishment of its patriotic desire."

"Dear me," said PRINCE ARTHUR, "you interest me strangely. I suppose the list of membership is not closed? If you think I'm in any way eligible I should esteem it a privilege to be favoured by your undertaking to propose me."

"I'll ask WILLOUGHBY," said CARSON, rising rather hurriedly and making for the door.

"Do," said PRINCE ARTHUR. "Perhaps he'll second the nomination."

*Business done.*—Insurance Bill in Committee.



### THE WINSTON TOUCH.

Unless our artist's eyes played him false during a hasty visit to Portsmouth, it would appear that the Service is already coming under the Influence. The eager, impetuous, lunging crouch which has developed in Naval circles during the last few days could have but one origin. (Please note also the advent, on the right, of the new "Bantam" cocked-hat, which is plainly a flattering imitation of Mr. Churchill's world-famous Midget-Homburg. It will, of course, be universally adopted as soon as arrangements can be made for its supply.)

### CO-OPERATION.

(As recited by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.)

WHEN the Opposition promised to co-operate with me I intoned a *Nunc Dimittis* in the fervour of my glee; For the odds on my Insurance Bill went up to ten to one (Which was offered with no takers), and I thought my task was done.

"This," they said, "is not the usual controversial party-measure:

It's an asset for the nation; it's a blessing; it's a treasure; It's salvation for the masses—so we fully understand— And in making it a statute we propose to lend a hand.

"For the men who draw the water and the men who chop the wood

We observe in all its clauses an infinity of good. Oh, we envy you your courage and we much applaud your deeds

And your statesmanlike perception of the things the country needs."

So they promised me the sun and moon and every golden star;

Gave me roses by the basketful and honey by the jar. There was nought they could refuse me, there was nought I couldn't be

When the Opposition offered to co-operate with me.

But, lo, the dreadful difference! To-day they give me fits; They would dearly like to take and tear the blessed Bill to bits.

Oh, it's thorns instead of roses, and it's gall instead of honey

For the man who "bribes the nation by his base appeals to money."

But I know them—yes, I know them; and when once the Bill is through,

When the Act's alive and working in the way we meant it to, Then I somehow seem to see them (please remember that I said it)

As they stand upon their platforms laying claim to all the credit.

They will say, "When he was weary and could hardly play his part,

We restored his drooping courage, we revived his flagging heart;

It was we who cheered and helped him, and indubitably we Gave the Act its shape and substance and its merit.

Q.E.D."

### Woman the Huntress.

"A GENTLEMAN thoroughly recommends his Coachman; life experience with hunters; married when suited."—*Advt. in "Morning Post."*

We like his spirit.

"Neophobia in its most acute form now assailed the batsmen. Beautiful picture post-card strokes gave place to agrestic digs, which left the flight of the ball and the total alike unaltered. Though no one was actually guilty of a uniglobular effort, wickets fell rapidly."

*Times of India.*

The Indian cricketers were said to have come over here to learn, and they seem to have picked up a good deal.



### THE ANTIQUE CLOCK.

I HAVE a deep-rooted horror of auctioneers, at least in their public capacity. Of their private life I cannot speak with any authority, but I have a confirmed belief that when the head of the family returns from the heat of the day and prepares to ladle out the soup his face will suddenly brighten, and in a great voice, flourishing the spoon the while, he will remark, "Ladies and gents, what offers?" only to subside at a glance from his wife into a gloomy silence.

Sometimes I have fluttered for a few brief moments on the fringe of the bidders, but never without instantly catching the auctioneer's eye. Possibly he mistakes my careworn expression for genuine concern regarding the price less article in his hand. "George," he invariably bawls to his assistant, "show the fish-forks and knives complete to the stout party in the top 'at.'" I hope for the best, but can see no other top hats in my proximity. George pushes his way through the interested spectators, and I extract a fork without enthusiasm. There is an awkward pause.

"Well, Sir?" cries the auctioneer with husky expectation.

"Two shillings," I murmur with sullen despair, and a cold shiver passes over me in case I am within reasonable reach of that alarming armoury.

The auctioneer leans forward, assuming a temporary deafness.

"Did I 'ear the gentleman aright, George?" he inquires, adding irony to righteous indignation. "Did I 'ear 'im say 'two bob' for that 'andsome set of cutlery, hall 'all-marked? Not two bob, George?" He has the look of a man prepared for a strong denial.

I nod feverishly. The auctioneer shakes his head with profound emotion and looks about for sympathy. I begin to feel an unscrupulous fellow. The spectators survey me with mild curiosity.

"George," continues the auctioneer firmly, "bring the case back. I was mistaken, George. The gent thinks, because he sports a top 'at, 'e can 'ave 'is little joke. Bit of a wag, George—comes in to waste our time and the time of ladies and gentlemen 'oo want to do bus ness—"

He says much else, but I have reached the door by that time and gained the sanctuary of the street.

It was after dinner Evelyn broached the subject. There is an absence of fair play in feminine tactics.

"He's such a nice man," she said musingly.

"Nice?—an auctioneer? Oh, come,

my dear! you're facetious." I smiled in a superior fashion.

"But his clocks are outrageously cheap," she added, warming to the subject. "Of course one does not like taking advantage of the man, but it's a chance in a thousand. Such beautiful clocks with carved doodle-dabbles on the face and—"

"But we have a clock—lots of clocks. Why create a greater disturbance and rivalry than at present?"

Evelyn sighed. "Don't be silly, dear. We'll just run down to-morrow, and if we're first when the shop opens at nine we'll pick up the bargain of our lives."

It is hopeless arguing with her when she talks like that.

It was striking nine when we entered the shop. The auctioneer seemed a little surprised as we bustled in.

After a few moments' pause, however, he stepped behind his table and coughed politely just to put us at our ease and to indicate that the arena was cleared.

"I think you said the antique clock, Madam?" he remarked briskly. "The very last—a treasure—a remarkably fine timepiece, eighteenth-century style with double gongs, three strikes, alarm and bevelled fingers."

He recited the full category of its features and accomplishments with rare fluency.

"Bevelled fingers are out of date," I said brightly, in case he thought we were impressed, which we were.

Even Evelyn looked at me with pity.

"So is the clock, Sir," responded the auctioneer with gentle courtesy.

There are moments when a retort seems beyond the range of reason. I wished I had been less ambitious and asked where the cuckoo was. That would have taken the wind out of his sails. He couldn't have known we already have two clocks which with varying strikes deliver some twenty triumphant cuckoos every midnight.

We turned again to business.

"Now, Madam," resumed the auctioneer, "as there appears to be no competition—"

"I beg your pardon," broke in a voice from a wardrobe, "but I want that clock."

"It is no real use to a wardrobe," I said firmly.

But at that moment a stout, distinguished lady appeared round the corner and eyed us in a melancholy fashion.

Evelyn started.

"Be calm," I whispered, fearing she would fell her with the family umbrella.

"Come, come, Madam," said the auctioneer with polite remonstrance

addressed to the new-comer; "there is a selection of other articles very serviceable and inexpensive. This lady particularly desires the clock; it is the very last." His conclusion was a fine touch of pathos, but hardly diplomatic.

"I want the clock," repeated the distinguished lady with heavy determination.

The auctioneer shrugged his shoulders. There was evidently nothing more to be said. But the glance he cast in our direction clearly showed where his sympathy lay.

"In that case," he continued, "it must go to the highest bidder. What shall we say for a start? I'm sure I need not tell you of the exceptional quality of the article—"

"Spare us that," I cried. He looked at me sourly and waited.

There was a ghastly silence; I mopped my brow.

"Five shillings," said Evelyn suddenly.

"Ten," from the stout lady.

"Twelve," snapped Evelyn, the light of battle in her eye.

"Fourteen," added the other competitor monotonously.

Evelyn was startled. She glanced nervously at me. I stared fixedly at the auctioneer's preposterous cravat. I noted that his foxhead pin had lost an eye.

"Sixteen," cried Evelyn, trembling with suppressed fury.

"Pound!" thundered the stout distinguished lady, like a gale.

"Thirty shillings with the key," I roared, flushed with the evil ardour of competition.

"Forty," from the stout lady.

I nudged Evelyn casually to indicate the psychological moment had arrived.

"There's something somewhere by somebody about a tide in the affairs of men," I began helpfully, but was cut short, for Evelyn, with an heroic effort to appear unconcerned and in accents simulating passionless determination, broke silence. "Forty-five," she said, like a person with a cold, and clutched my arm in a fevered grasp.

There was a painful pause.

The auctioneer wore a smile indicative of nothing at all.

The stranger had succumbed.

We tried to look sympathetic as we retired with the antique clock concealed in brown paper, and the accompanying cannon-ball (which during business hours careered in mid-air on a piece of string) in my pocket.

Evelyn, dear child, even went up to the stout lady and murmured she was so sorry, but she wanted it so badly to match the tea-set or something else quite improbable, while the stout lady



smiled graciously and without question, like a true sportswoman.

We had a little dinner and theatre just to celebrate the event. I reckoned out the total cost of the transaction afterwards. Counting the festivities it was in the region of three pound ten.

I remembered that more acutely next day. For I happened to pass the shop at eight-thirty, on my way to the office, and as a criminal is said to linger about the precincts of his crime I peered in for a moment at the door.

I admit I was somewhat startled to see a row of half-a-dozen antique clocks along the wall, all assuredly the last. But what shocked me even more was the sight of the stout lady, no longer distinguished, but wearing an apron and much occupied in the final stages of dusting the wardrobe.

But, as some clever person has said, there are things which even the best of us do not tell our wives.

#### ANSWERS TO ENQUIRERS.

**CONJUGAL FELICITY — TO REGAIN.** ("Anxious.") Yours, "Anxious," is indeed a knotty problem. You ask us "If a husband, A., discovers that his wife, B., is inclined to flirtation with C., a third party, what should A. do? Despairing of finding the correct answer ourselves, we have called in the assistance of several expert dramatists (those unerring judges of the human heart) and now give you a selection from their replies.

"A. should simulate a passion for a fourth party, D., when B. will at once come round, and C. and D. can pair off together." (Received from *Comedy & Wyndham's*.)

"A. should lure B. and C. into the middle of an earthquake, when B. will confess her real love for A., and can then be rescued, leaving C. to perish." (*A. Collins*.)

"A. should shoot C., with the observation, 'You cur, how many men have served their time for conduct less infamous than yours!'" (*Shoreditch*.)

Now, "Anxious," you can take your own choice.

**BARKING OF DOG — TO PREVENT.** ("Insomnia.") Have you tried shooting it?

**CHRYSANTHEMUMS — CORRECT METHOD OF PINCHING.** ("Suburban Fancier.") Strictly speaking, there is no correct method; moreover, if you are after the rarer varieties we fear you are now too late, as most of these are by this time under glass, and locked up at night. A few of the late garden species, however, can still be secured with the aid of a dark lantern; but great care is necessary.



Stranger (to boatman who has fished his ball out of pond). "DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE RULE IS? DO I DROP AND LOSE ONE?"

Boatman. "DON'T KNOW NUTHIN' 'BOUT THE RULE WHEN YOU LOSE 'EM, BUT WHEN I FINDS 'EM IT'S A PENNY!"

#### IN AND OUT OF SEASON.

In winter, when the snow is white,  
My crisp and eager soul bespeaks  
The love of Joyce, a nimble sprite  
Of active ways and rosy cheeks.  
But when the thaws are coming on,  
The snow, if any, getting grey,  
My spirits sink and thereupon  
Joyce is a thing of yesterday.

Lo, April calls for music! Spring,  
For me, demands a treble note;  
So ably then doth Mabel sing,  
I love her simply for her throat.  
But after several weeks of it  
Her notes (or I) get out of tune;  
And Mabel's proper date to quit  
Is somewhere round the 1st of June.

One's summer love should charm the  
eyes,

Should satisfy the keenest sense  
Of beauty, and yet exercise  
A cool, refreshing influence.

Then Phyllis proves a restful feast  
Of pink and white, of dainty fluff;  
But, when the wind is getting east,  
I feel that I have had enough.

Yes, when the leaf dies on the tree,  
The captious critic in me hints  
That love's complexion now should be  
In keeping with the autumn tints,  
That love should have a stouter boot  
And (what is more important yet)  
A father with a pheasant shoot. . . .  
This space (advertisement) to let.

#### "Their not to Reason Why."

From *The Life Everlasting* :—

"The will of each man or woman is like the compass of a ship—where it points, the ship goes. If the needle directs it to the rock there is wreck and disaster—if to the open sea, there is clear sailing."

Evidently the needle of the *Hawke's* compass pointed to the *Olympic*. "Sorry, boys," said the captain, "but we've got to do it."

P. L.

My clerk opened the door quietly and murmured, "Gentleman t' see you, Sir. Private business. Looks respectable. Gave me this, Sir."

"This" was a card, rather larger than seemed necessary, with a broad edging of black. It said, in the middle:

"ALBERT PURDIE, P.L."

There was an address, in Conduit Street, in the left-hand corner; in the right were the words "Privacy and Satisfaction Guaranteed."

Speculation as to the meaning of P.L. was cut short by the entry of Mr. Purdie, uninvited. He was a youngish, sanguine-looking person, with a manner that suggested greased silk.

"Pardon what may seem like an intrusion," he said gently. "But I knew you would be puzzling over my card. I would not venture to take up your time, Sir, if I were not certain that I could be of service to you."

"In what way?" I asked.

"In a strictly confidential way," he answered, with a glance in the direction of the clerk.

"You need not wait, William," I said. He disappeared.

"Well," I asked, "what is it you want, Mr. Purdie?"

"I would rather say, what do *you* want, Sir? But in the first place you probably want to know what 'P.L.' stands for."

"If it won't take you too long to explain," I said guardedly. He looked like a person with a slack jaw.

"Three minutes, Sir," Mr. Purdie said easily. "You know what a private detective is. Part of his business, perhaps the least unpleasant part, is to find people who are lost. Well, my firm's business is just the converse. We deal with people whom our clients are anxious to lose."

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you, Mr. Purdie—and I'm rather busy this morning."

"P.L.," said Mr. Purdie, disregarding my hint, "stands for Professional Loser. Possibly you have relatives in the United States. Let us assume that you have a widowed aunt in New York with perhaps a highly unrepresentable son. They write that they are coming to London (England) to look you up, and hope you will be so verry kind as to show them your metropolis. You would not be particularly joyful when you received this letter."

"Probably not."

"Well, would it be worth your while to send us a note of your aunt's name and description, the ship she would come by, and a cheque for £5 for preliminary expenses, if we undertook to

lose her and her son, so far as you were concerned?"

"It would be cheap at the price," I admitted warmly. "But how would you manage it? I could not be a party to the use of violence—at least, not against my aunt."

Mr. Purdie smiled.

"There is nothing so crude about our methods. Our agent, travelling up with her in the boat train, would talk her into an extended Continental tour. In fact, he would see her safely to Paris, and lose her there."

"But supposing she tired of Paris?"

"Did you ever hear of an American who tired of Parrus?" Mr. Purdie asked in a surprised tone. "Even then there are Rome, Venice, Vienna, St. Petersburg."

"I see."

"Much depends, of course, upon the personal charm of our agents. I always undertake the most stubborn cases myself."

"But I don't understand how you could do all this for £5, especially if you went yourself, Mr. Purdie."

"You forget, my dear Sir, that there are thousands of people in London, every season, who are anxious to lose American relatives and willing to pay for the privilege. Our agent can waylay and deal with six parties at once, personally conducting them into the less accessible German spas, and detaining them there till their time is up and their money exhausted. Then there is our export trade also. No doubt you have a nephew who declines either to work or to emigrate?"

"Two," I admitted ruefully.

"We might make a reduction for two," Mr. Purdie said cheerfully, "if we could plant them out on the same orange farm in Florida. Say eight pounds and travelling expenses."

"I would run to that certainly. But how would you keep them from coming back?"

"Our agent in Florida would attend to that," Mr. Purdie said importantly. "He has had no failures yet. It is a matter of will-power, entirely. Then there is our Club connection. It is increasing every week. Would you think it worth an extra guinea a year to obtain complete protection from your Club bore?"

"You mean Colonel Demmytol?"

"Precisely. That would be worth something, I am sure. Now, Sir, will you put our system to the test? A free sample of our method is quite at your disposal."

"Thank you," I said. "I accept your offer. By way of a start, will you please show me how quickly you can lose yourself?"

## THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ANTHROPOPHAGY.

(An Exercise in the manner of one of the new "Times" middle-men.)

ON no subject has public opinion gone more hopelessly astray than that of anthropophagy, the true psychological inwardness of which, it cannot be too often reiterated, can only be appreciated by those who, like the present writer, have made practical trial of it themselves. The first occasion was in the Solomon Islands at a grand corroboree, at which I was the principal guest. The second time was in the heart of New Guinea, where I narrowly escaped forming the *pièce de résistance* at a banquet given in celebration of the introduction of the gramophone. I confess that at the outset it was impossible to overcome a certain repugnance; but this speedily passed away under the influence of the moral *tessitura* of the scene, the kindly welcome and weirdulations of my hosts, and the hypnotising magic of the tropical surroundings. Hostile critics of the institution make a profound mistake in imagining that it implies any personal animosity on the part of the anthropophagist. Such a feeling never enters into his head. His emotions are purely impersonal and are compatible with a perfect regard for the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Anthropophagy may be fairly called the chess of gastronomy. It not only enlarges the horizons of dietetic enterprise, but it exerts an emancipating influence on the subliminal consciousness. It is in keeping, moreover, with the highest dictates of pragmatism, and in a hundred subtle and delicate ways is allied to the philosophy of M. BERGSON. My experiences in New Guinea, I may add, convinced me of the fact that this practice, so far from engendering any resentment on the part of those who are its subjects, positively inflames them with a sense of overwhelming gratitude. I can only say in conclusion that the physical inconvenience involved is as nothing to the mental anguish and reiterated irritation of the beginner at golf.

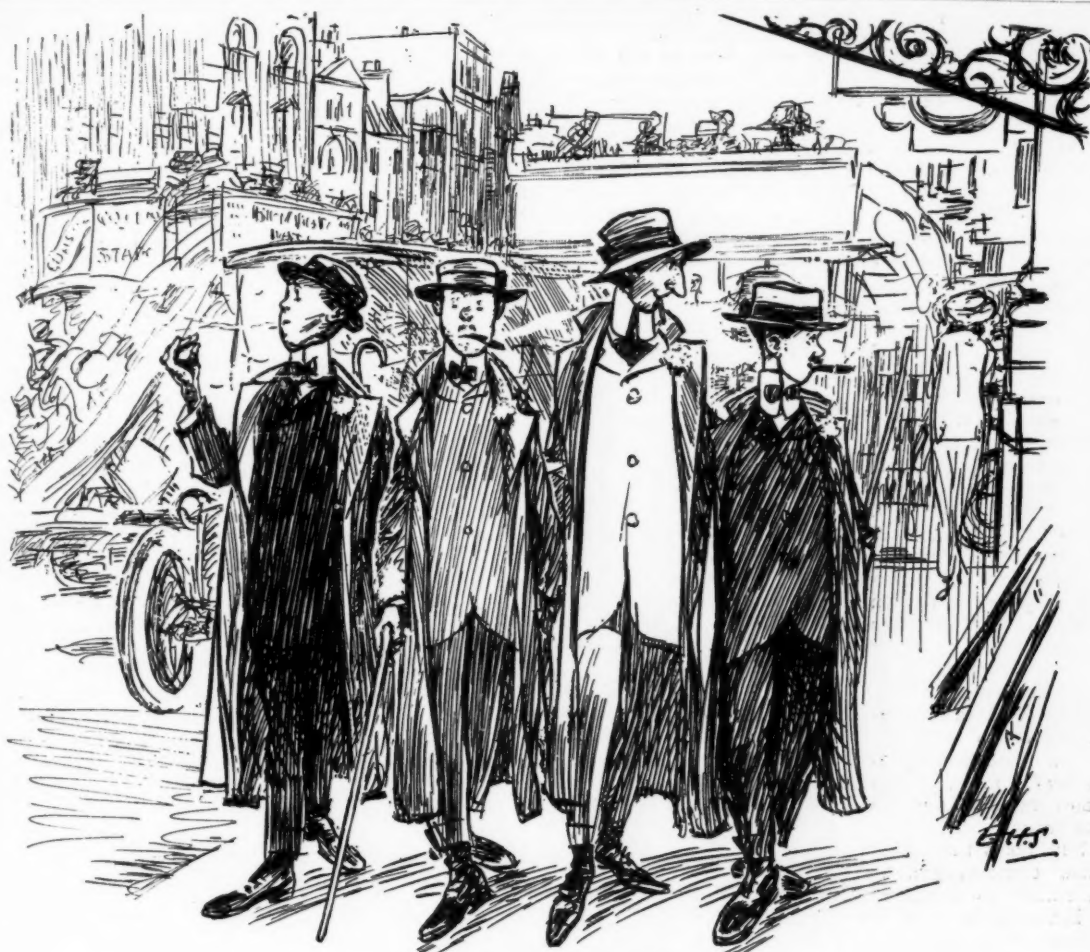
Besides, as Professor Embruek has pointed out, it saves funeral expenses.

### Between Two Stools.

"There were plenty of stags in the Porlock Parks on the morrow of the venison feast, but there was a thick fox on the hill, and so it was difficult to know what to do."

West Somerset Free Press.

We should have gone for the fox. Variety is what staghounds want.



## MODES FOR NUTS.

THE LATEST THING IN SUBURBAN HEAD-JOY.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"JOHN'S Neverland had a lagoon with flamingoes flying over it, at which John was shooting, while Michael, who was very small, had a flamingo with lagoons flying over it." How well J. M. BARRIE understands the magic of words. And how well he understands what is in a child's mind—"Caves through which a river runs, and gnomes who are mostly tailors, and a hut fast going to decay." Ah, even now that we are grown up, how magically these things sound through a London fog. *Peter and Wendy* (HODDER AND STROUT) is not merely the play of *Peter Pan* with "observed he" and "remarked she" stuck in all through to make it look like a book; it is packed with island lore that is new to us. We learn for the first time now how the lost boys tell the time: they find the crocodile and listen outside him until the clock strikes. When *Peter* escaped in the Never bird's nest, having first carefully put the eggs in *Starkey's* hat, we did not foresee that this would set the fashion among really smart birds, all future nests being built in the conical shape with a circular brim on which the young chicks take an airing. Now, too, the

methods of Indian warfare are explained to us fully; how at night they imitate the lonely call of the coyote—doing it, in fact, "even better than the coyotes, who are not very good at it." Of the terrible *Hook* we learn a great deal that we had only guessed before. He had been at a famous public school, and even now the revelation of his true name would set the country in a blaze. In his last moments his thoughts flew back to his happy days at school, when "his shoes were right and his waistcoat was right and his tie was right and his socks were right." He went content to the crocodiles; for ere his last jump overboard he had stood long enough on the bulwarks to give *Peter* an opportunity of helping him over with a foot, and *Peter* had availed himself of that opportunity. Now that was distinctly "bad form"—and so *Hook* had the laugh of poor *Peter* after all. *Peter* had never been to the great public school. . . . Hundreds of thousands will be grateful to Mr. BARRIE for this book. It is the whole play, and yet so much more than the play; and yet again, you might read it and think that there had never been a play. So it will appeal both to the annual pilgrims and to the others. My own feelings after reading it can best be given in *Michael's* words: "I'm glad of" Mr. BARRIE.



*Under Western Eyes* (METHUEN) is as remarkable as any work by Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD must needs be; but at the same time my impression of it, after turning the final page, is that as a story it is not without some unnecessary and irritating tricks of style, which may wear the patience of a reader who is less than a disciple. In the first place, the plan of telling it partly in the first person and partly indirectly is made more confusing by the fact that the end of the tale is reached before the middle. Thus, after *Razumov's* betrayal of the bomb-thrower *Haldin*, you have to take on faith his own appearance as an exiled revolutionary and the comrade of *Haldin's* sister long before you are permitted to learn the sequence of events which led to this result. On the outside of the cover the publishers say that this novel reminds them of the work of *TORGENEV*. Perhaps, apart from its Russian milieu, this is because Mr. CONRAD has written it in a rather broken and uneasy style which suggests adaptation from some foreign language. Whether this was deliberate or not, I regretted it as tending to mar the effect of what is an unusually strong and moving study of (to quote the author) the "sustained psychology of a mood." The closing scene, in which *Razumov* makes his confession and takes the rather horrible consequences, is as thrilling as anything that Mr. CONRAD (a master of vigorous narrative) has yet done.

The egoism of musicians would seem to be of two varieties, not always easily distinguishable. And when I speak of musicians I mean the creative, not the executive, kind (just as, when I speak of a poet, I mean one who makes poetry, and is not simply capable of reading it aloud), though I should be loath to imply that the mere performer is always lacking in a fair conceit of himself. There is the inherent egoism which asserts itself in a hankering after "self-expression," as the jargon goes; and there is the egoism which is a reflection of his Art. For Art itself, in all forms—and music most as being most aloof—is a great egoist, tolerating no rival, and demanding of its followers an absolute devotion to the one worship. And so in the character of *Lothnar*, the inspired composer in *The Lost Iphigenia* (SMITH, ELDER), by AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE, we have this double egoism, personal and acquired. In the tyranny of his genius he would not hesitate to sacrifice even a woman's honour if by suggesting passion to her he could make her interpret to his better satisfaction the passionate part of *Phædra* in one of his own operas. (He might have been less inhuman if the opera had been some-

body else's.) He expects of men and gods that they should bow to his fiat, and makes furious protest against their behaviour when they fail to comply with the schemes of his personal vanity. *Lothnar* is a creation of which Mr. and Mrs. CASTLE may be justifiably proud; and the romance which he dominates must, for freshness of theme, breadth of treatment and sincerity of detail, rank among the best achievements of this accomplished couple. I say so with the greater pleasure because I thought that their last novel, *Panther's Cub*, was below their standard of excellence. Perhaps they were just working off some of the

inferior material collected in their pursuit of an operative subject. My chief complaint of their present book is that the commonplace attractions of that good-natured idler, *Sir John Holdfast*, of the canting name, whose dog-like devotion enables the heroine to escape from the tragedy of her stage career into the shelter of an existence scarcely less tragic in its isolation, offer too glaring a contrast to the seduction of hero-worship in the world of Art. And if the authors had shown him as a man of activity and distinction, doing work that might have made him thoroughly pleased with himself, his modesty would then have served as a subtler foil to the egoism of the musician.

In *Margaret Harding* (METHUEN), a study of life on the veldt, PERCEVAL GIBBON gives as good a picture as one could wish of the Boers and Blacks and casual Britishers that jostle against each other in that "suave level of miles stretching forth, like a sluggish sea, to the skyline." It is a story of strong human

interest, its characters and descriptions of scenery vivid and picturesque, and its sentiment a much finer thing than mere love-making. *Margaret* herself was a casual Britisher—a consumptive condemned to a South African sanatorium kept by a drunken English doctor, whose wife's life-business and tragedy it was to try to hide his weakness from the eyes of *Margaret* and the two other patients, both of them men, without deceiving any of them. And running through the story is a curious example of the colour-problem, with *Margaret* and a should-have-been Zulu chief, educated in England, as the chief factors. It will not convert you—that, I think, is not intended—to the belief that black and white are reconcilable colours. You will lay down the book as you took it up, if you are a white, with the fixed idea that they move from opposite sides of the board, in life as in chess. But for all that it is a book to be read. It makes you think imperially, but humbly as well, and it is a first-rate story.



THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE.

I.—SIR ISAAC NEWTON EXPLAINING THE LAW OF GRAVITATION TO GEORGE I.